Up against the starry sky;
From a thicket full of blooming
Roses, came the bird's sad er,
'Whip-poor will, whip-poor will
From thick shadows falling; 'Hear me hear me calling, Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"

Winds were softly sighing, sighing, Through the scented evening air Came the bird's song crying, crying Like a sad soul in despair. Rang the measure from the shadows, On the night, so cool and still, Floating down across the meadows, From the singer on the hill, "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!" From thick shadows falling: 'Hear me, bear me calling! Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"

Through my heart came ringing, ringing Memories of days gone by, While the bird kept singing, singing O'er and o'er his mournful cry.

Nothing brings sad mem'ries to me Like this n ght-bird's lonely call, Scenes long 1 st come thrilling through n Scenes long 1 st come thrilling through me,
Shadowed a funeral pall.

"Whip-poor will, whip-poor-will!"

"From thick shadows failing:
"Here me, hear me calling,
Whip-poor will, whip-poor-will!"

—Leslie Grissold, in the Current.

A VAGABOND.

Jimmy Gayle sat on the pine straw with his back against a tree, and looked about him. It was a dry, bright, dusty day of autumn, with a burning sun and a cool wind. October had passed through the woods with her torch, and set the branches on fire; and in sp te of the glow of noon, there was a feeling in the air of the slow approach

Meanwhile, Jimmy's hand organ rested on the ground beside him, and the attendant monkey gambolled as far as his chain would allow. But Beppo had that amiable and patient disposition, common to monkeys, which seems to lend itself readily to a monotonous life, and seeks to alleviate it by a hundred little branks.

He seated himself on a stump, and began to munch a raw onion that he held in both paws; wrinkling his wizened face in an agonized way as he bit into the odorous bulb. Then, to add variety to the repast, he flung the onion on the ground, and pitched headlong after it from the stump. Then he tried holding it with his hind-paws while he ate. Then he discarded it altogether, and scrambled toward Jimmy, at an awkward run unpleasantly suggestive of a human be ng on all-fours. Then he made a futile grab at a passing fly-examined his empty paw cautiously, and stuffed it into his mouth with a foolish simper.

But the onion was the beginning and end of all things, and he always returned to it with unabated interest. He had a self-conscious air, perhaps the result of his public career; although, indeed, the monkey is the only animal capable of expressing self-consciousness. The others are supremely

indifferent to the opinions of mankind. But Jimmy was not thinking of Beppo. He threw off his battered hat, and ran his hands through his hair. "That is good," said he; "it makes

me feel young. It had been many a year since he had set his feet in this corner of Mississippi; but the face of nature does not "grow out of all knowledge," as towns and and Annie had people do. The spot looked as young in the old days. as when his eyes first beheld it.

"Must be gettin' old," he mused. "I didn't use to like the thought o' homeseemed to me like bein' tied down to one spot, an' drudgin' there all your days. The "voice of the highway" had always called strenuously upon Jimmy. He was a born vagabond, and a humdrum, respectable life would have been anspeakably irksome to him.

He had married early, and, to please Annie, his fresh-cheeked young wife, he had stuck manfully to his trade of tinsmith.

But when she died, leaving a year old child, the obligation seemed to be dissolved, and he began to lead a roving life, picking up odd jobs here and there. and falling into the slouching gait of the tramp. Mrs. Crane, the widowed sister of his

wife, had little patience with him. You ain't fittin' to have the charge of a child," she said. "You give Liner

to me, an' I'll take care o' her. If you kin make out to do it, you'd better send me some money, now and then, to pay for her clo's-not that I count much on your doin' it," she added, se-Since then, Jimmy had been a wan-

derer. He had seen many cities, and known many hardships; but had always managed to pick up a living—and after all, how much better it was than being fettered by all sorts of rules! At last, one day in New Orleans, the

bright idea occurred to him to buy the hand-organ and monkey of an Italian who was anxious to sell. Jimmy had tried to drive a sharp bargain on the plea that the monkey, as well as the hand-organ, was "second-handed." But the Italian maintained stoutly that Beppo was as good as new, and would not abate his price by so much as one

It proved an excellent investment. for Jimmy went into the rural districts where monkeys and hand-organs are exciting novelties, and the public ear is not sated with constant repetitions of the "Gobble Duet," and "Good-by,

honey, I'm gone.' At whatever cluster of houses he stopped, he was sure of an admiring audience, and Beppo always handed his gaudy cap back to his master quite heavy with small coin. It was Beppo who made the performance a success, for the children shrieked with delight as he hobbled about, cap in hand, his tail protruding absurdly from his scar-

So Jimmy had made money, and, strange to say, had saved it. In his vagabond life, he had taken little note of time, and now, when he stopped to think, he was startled to find how many years had reeled away.

"I'm gettin' on in years," he said to himself, with a pang.

Was the day to come when his ears would be too dull to hear the voice of the highway, his limbs too feeble to

follow, even if he heard? Somehow, he wanted to get "home" again, and, by chill breath of approaching age.
He wanted to see Lina, his daught-

er, who must be "nigh onto twenty year," as he phrased it. Lina a woman! It was strange! He took from his pocket a tintype of Lina

Annie, taken the day after marriage. He was in all the glory of "store-clothes," with a large gold pin stuck in his scarf—a little bit of imagination on the part of the photographer. One large hand was outspread upon his knee, and the other clutched Annie's shoulder. They were seated at a respectful distance from each other, as if not on very good terms. Annie had, also, a gold pin, and gold ear-rings and a "finger ring." as she called it. Her head had a great deal of hair piled upon it, and a large, white lace scarf was outspread on her bosom—in fect, everything that dress could do. and been done to spoil her rustic prettiness.

"Folks said we were a mighty hand-some couple," thought Jimmy. "I don't see no women nowadays that've got red cheeks like Annie had. I wonder if Liner favors her, now she's grown.

After he had seen his daughter, he would take the road again, to earn more money and save it, as a provision for the old age that seemed advanc-

ing."
'Pears to me like I can't see as good as I d d," he muttered, getting stiffly on his feet, and passing his hand

across his eyes. He felt slugg sh, and the organ seemed to weigh more on his back than of yore. He gave the monkey quite a paternal smile, as the creature scrambled up on his shoulder. Jimmy was fond of animals, and Beppo had

been a companion to him. "It ain't exac'ly l.ke havin' a reg'lar numan bein' with you," he used to ex-plain; "but it's like a body that ain't right wise, one o' the harmless kind that don't hurt no one."

He was still some distance from Palmyra, his native village. His usual plan was to pass the night in the house of some good-natured countryman; carrying in his knapsack the daily supply of food for himself and Beppo.

A day's tramp brought h m near Palmyra, and he began to realize that it was illness, not age, that was pressing upon him.

He stopped to get some water at a negro cabin perched precariously upon a hillock, which was rapidly washing away on all sides. The woman of the house stood with her hands on her broad hips, frowning in the sun as she

"You look mighty peak-ed", she remarked, "got de measles?" 'I dunno," said Jimmy, listlessly.

"Well, you're broke out like you'd got 'em. Praise de Lawd, we've all had 'em, f'um Lilly Rosalie down to de old man. To be shore, de ole man's done chop his toe with a axe, an' now I has dat to contain with," and she followed Jimmy into the road to pour her sorrows into his dull ears.

How his feet flagged! But it was not

far off-not so very far-and Lina would nurse him now that he was sick. He wondered if many changes had taken place in the village. He could see, in fancy, his sister-in-law's prim little house, painted yellow, with brown shutters, the neat little white fence, and, in the yard, the Cape jasmine bushes, the rosy crape-myrtle trees, and the mimosa spreading its feathery branches like a sun-shade. How well he remem-bered that genteel, chilly parlor of hers, with the horse-hair furniture; the fireplace blocked with a screen of gaudilyflowered paper; the long-faced clock on the high mantel-piece, flanked by two large pink shells; a blue vase at one end, and at the other, a white plaster deer that had very black eyes, a red nose, and highly arched black eye-

perpetual surprise.

Jimmy knew these adornments by heart. He had conned them over so often on those long, dull Sundays that he and Annie had spent with Mrs. Crane,

brows, which gave it an expression of

Well, here he was in Palmyra at last. It looked very much the same. There the agony of thirst searing the parched was the courthouse with its sky-blue dome and the tall clock-tower; but he could no longer tell the hour, at such a distance. Everything was dull and quiet. A few horses were tied at a rack facing one of the saloons, and some men were sitting in front of the weather-beaten stores. An ox-wagon crawled along the street, with a tattered negro driver trudging beside it, cracking his whip, and shouting encouragement to Brandy, Whisky, Logan and Red. Another wagon was stopping at the gro-cery, and one of the oxen was lying down, dragging the toke heavily on

patient neck of his mate. Jimmy had to pass the church on his

way to his sister-in-law's house. Here was a transformation! It was freshly painted, and had stained-glass windows, quite like a city church. Something was going on inside-per-haps a wedding. As Jimmy stopped and rested his organ on the banquette, with Beppo on top of it, the bridal party came forth.

The bridegroom wore a look of sheep-ish joy, His boots and his hair shone alike with an oily lustre. His pantaloons were not quite long enough, and his frock-coat was too short in the waist-clearly, he was a village beau. The bride was robed in thin white muslin, lavishly trimmed with cheap lace. A wreath of white artificial flowers bristled around her pretty, rosy face, and she wore clumsily-fitting white kid gloves; but nothing would vulgarize the shining of her deep brown

A crowd of young people followed her, the girls in light, fresh dresses and bright ribbons, and with them an elderly woman in a gown of some wiry gray stuff. Jimmy recognized his sister-in-law.

"Lord! she ain't changed," he thought; "got just the same sharp look outer her eye. She ain't grown no older—just dried up."

The bride turned and addressed her as "aunt." Jimmy's heart gave a great thrill of ride. This was his daughter, this pride.

young lady! He and Annie had not had such a fine wedding. He felt like rushing up to her, and telling her he was her father.

But at this moment, one of the girls said, quite audibly:
"Jenny, just look at that horrid man.

feel right scared of him." Jimmy shrank back. No doubt, his tangled hair, and eyes bloodshot with fever made him an unpleasant sight. This was not the time to press his rela-tionship upon Lina. He would get a night's lodging somewhere in the vil-lage, and "sorter fix up" before going to his sister-in-law's house.

He paused at a small cottage on the edge of Palmyra. Of old, the Lemons had lived here; but when he knocked, a strange face appeared at the door.

strange face appeared at the door.

"Kin I get a night's lodgin' here?"

Jimmy asked.

"Kin you?" repeated the man, stepping hastily back, and speaking with angry sarcasm. "Not much you can't, with them spots all over your face.

The country's full o' small-pox; but we have the page here an' we don't haven't had none here, an' we don't want none. So you clear out, an' don't six months—a goggie-eved baby want none. So you clear out, an' don't be givin' it to other folks. The Mayor and at the picture of himself and won't allow you in the town," he add-

ed, with the pit lesaness of terror. He slammed the door, and retired, calling: "Aimiry: you Aimiry! fetch me the camphire bottle."

Jimmy turned away, with a swelling heart. He was an outcast, then-Jim my Gayle who had been always welcome among his wandering compan-ions, and had been called a good fellow.

But he would ask nothing more of any man, he said to himself, as he toiled along-whither? He scarcely knew. He came to an empty cabin, standing not far from the road. It was a poor

enough place, and the floor would make a hard bed; but at least it would be a roof over his head. He grew worse and worse.

"I b lieve I'm dyin'," he muttered.
"an' I never got home, after all."
He tried to frame a prayer, and fix

his mind on pious things. But all he would think of was the green-and-white Methodist Church where he had gone to Sunday-school. The picture rose before him of himself seated on a bench, swinging his bare feet. The back door stood open, and his thoughts went wandering out like lost sheep-past the great clump of Cherokee studded thick with white roses, and the bloomy hawthorn hedge, across the green fields, to the great woods where there was a glimpse of bright water running on and on. With what a tankling voice it called upon him to follow! His Sunday-school teacher wore wonderful flowers on her bonnet, and used some sweet kind of scent on her handkerchief. He never knew his lesson, and she used to shake her head at him, and hold up Tom Parker as a model of good behavior, as she put down a bad mark after Jimmy's name. The 1 ttle shrill voices of the children, singing the hymn, rang through his head. How still it was, this Sunday! It seemed as if the birds knew what day it was, and kept quiet. Only the children's hymn and the reedy pipe of the melo-deon floated out of the window, and

rose toward the sky. He came back with a start. "Yes-I'm dyin'," he said in parched voice.

He fumbled at Beppo's collar. Why should he keep the poor beast with him, to starve? He could live a life of liberty in the woods. At first, Beppo did not realize the fact of his freedom, but continued to frolic aimlessly about

Jimmy's bleared eyes followed him, with the anxious hope that he might

But Beppo had discovered the doorhe hesitated on the threshold for an instant-and was gone. The man sobbed aloud. Now, indeed,

he was alone. Then he forgot himself in heavy dreams, through which the outside noises of birds and insects pierced

He thought that Lina was a child again, and her little pattering footfall was echoing on the bare floor. The sound was so real that his eyes sprang

It was Beppo. Affection for his master was scarcely the power that had brought him back. It was rather because he had been bred in close quarters, and did not comprehend, as yet, the wide liberty of woodland life. More than this, all that this brute instinct knew of home and food centered in Jimmy; so he had come home to be fed. Jimmy tried to thank God for releas-

ing him from the terror of utter lonliness. He thought to himself that he would feed Beppo once a day, so that the creature would stay with him, as long as the food in the knapsack lasted. But he would drift away into stupor

again, and half-arousing from it, would fancy that another day had come, and it must be time to feed Beppe. In reality, the period of his suffering was not long; but what an eternity of misery it held!—of fever, of pain and

and swollen throat. Beppo scrambled about the floor playing with sticks and straws, and chattering to himself. Sometimes, he would try to catch the scaly-backed lizards that darted away over the rough boards with a husky, rattling noise. Now and then, he would run to his master's side, and pass his black paws over his face, grunting: "Ouf. ouf!" Sometimes he went out; but always re-

Jimmy had become very still. The monkey's clever paws were rummaging in the knapsack.

The sky was deeply blue, and the sur was smiting the withered fields and ruddy forests with all its burning might. Through the hot silence thrilled the note of the locust.

Jimmy opened his eyes. Everything swam before them in a dark mist. "It's gettin' night," he whispered scarcely forming the words.

The vagabond's wanderings were ended. Julia K. Wetherell, in the Cur-

Dynamite Not So Dangerous.

"Dynatmite is not nearly so dangerous a substance as people suppose,' said a manufacturer to a reporter for The New York Mail and Express. "We have been engaged for over seventeen years in its manufacture and have had but two explosions in our factory. With experienced workmen safety is almost assured. People have an erroneous idea concerning its destructive qualities. Why, it can not compare with ordinary black powder as a destroyer. Take for example, the attempt made to blow up the house of parliament. If the same amount of black powder had been used the effect would have been far more disastrous. Why? Because dynamite is instantaneous and local in its action, while powder is slower in ex pansion and more far-reaching in its destruction. Dynamite grinds into atoms everything within reach. Powder breaks things into pieces, but does not atomize them. Dynamite will not explode in a fire. It is exploded only

"Then how does it happen that dyna-mite projectiles thrown from guns and mortars escape exploding in the con-cussion of the powder used in projecting them?"

That is easily explained. At the base of the cartridge is affixed a layer of rubber, which breaks the force of the concussion. It is when it strikes and cap attached to the head of it explodes that the cartridge goes off. This is the only way that dynamite can be employed in guns. If it were used like powder it would blow the gun to

"How do you pay your workmen?"
"We pay them \$1.50 and \$2 per day, We do not consider their occupation any more dangerous than that of an ordinary miner. The men employed on the new aqueduct run far more risks than our men do."

The mill owners along the Penobscot river. Maine, have signed an agreement to hereafter provide other means of disposing of their sawdust besides dumping it into the river.

Wife (returning from matinee) -Oh, it was too lovely! She had on a pale nile green silk, with passementerie down the front, and the grandest dia-monds you ever saw, and when she died, in the last act, she rolled over

four times, and every woman in the house was crying. I never enjoyed a play so much in my life!"—Puck. The family of Hon. W. B. Hoke, Judge of the Jefferson County, Ky., Court, used St. Jacobs Oil with signal success.

Two ministers of Jackson Co., Ga. are suing a cit zen for \$20,000 damages for saying that they got drunk and lay on a haystack all night. They don't propose to "turn the other cheek" unul they have had some cash to heal the

Mr. F. Ren*schler, San Francisco, Cal., contracted a severe cold, and became so hoarse he could not speak. He tried a number of remedies without benefit, and even the efforts of two physicians failed to give slightest relief. He was induced to try Red Star Cough Cure, one bottle of which entirely cured him.

"Charley, I wonder what would be nice present to give pa for Christmas?' asked Clara. "Give him a pair of padded slippers,

suggested Charley, gloomily.—Philadelphia North American. PREVENT crooked boots and tilstered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Alphonse Daudet says that Mark Twain's humor does not amuse him.

Do Not Forget that Carter's Little A Miraculous Escape from the Grave.

I have been in poor health with a diseased stomach and liver, causing a cankered mouth continually for ten years. I kept about my house until a year ago last June. For three years prior to that time I had a severe pain in the region of my heart at times seeming past endurance. It affected my shoulder, took all strength from my arm; could get no relief only by poulticing. My stomach being so diseased, my food caused me great distress. My age also seemed to be in the way of my recovery, and not the least of my sickness. I employed the very best medical assistance I could get while in Caro. this state, but little encouragement could I get. Was moved to Vassar Oct. I, 1885, on a bed, giving me every ten minutes a teaspoonful of brandy and ice with only a teaspoonful of nourishment at a time. I commenced bloating soon after arriving here, every appearance of dropsy. We called our Caro physician to come here, and he said my condition was worse than when in Caro. On the 27th day of May last we called a council of doctors from Vassar, "three in number." All of them pronounced my case incurable. I had with the rest inflammation of the bowels, and I lay almost lifeless, and one of the leading physicians said if I could be restored to a sane mind again it would be all my husband might expect, and anything that would soothe me was all that could be done. My husband got me some medicine at Johnson & Williamson's, druggists at Vassar, and commenced giving it to me, and in three weeks' time they began to put me in an easy chair, "for a short time each day," at which time I had no use of my lower limbs and my back was numb: it was a little more than two months before I could walk without crutches. I am now a well woman, have walked one and a half miles within a month, can eat all kinds of food and enjoy it, have gained from 82 pounds, since last May, to 116 now, could say more of sickness, put delicacy prevents. I want to say to my friends that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are the medicines that cured me. I used four I have been in poor health with a dis-eased stomach and liver, causing a can-kered mouth continually for ten years. I

Vassar, Mich., Oct. 11, 1886.
This is to certify that I have known Mrs.
Gage since she came to Vassar, and know
the facts set forth in her statement above
to be true.

Geo. E. Williamson,
druggists, Vassar, Mich.

K. Delbridge. Conductor on the Chicago & West Michigan Railroad, Becomes Heir to a Large Fortune.

I have suffered more than language can express with sciatic rheumatism for twelve years, and have expended hundreds of dollars for medicines. I have never found

anything that has done me as much good as Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and plas-ters. They are truly a rheumatic specific ters. They are truly a rheumatic special and I take great pleasure in recommending them to my friends.

Yours truly,

J. K. DELERRIDGE,

23 Pleasant street, Grand Rapids, Mich. The lap of luxury - the cat's interview

with her milk. "I would not live alway." "I would not live alway." No; not if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are mouldering in the dust who might have been spared for years. The slight cough was unheeded, the many symptoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall the dead though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure from the verge of the grave. from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earlier stages.

A green grocer-one who does not sand his sugar.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and con-stant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Rem-edy" will promptly relieve you of discom-fort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathesome disease?"

A swell affair - next morning's head. Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association 668 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ae end man-the undertaker. The original color may be restored to gray hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Important in sudden colds, Ayer's Cher ry Pectoral is equally effective in lung Boy -I'm glad we don't live in Cali-

Pa -Why so, Tommy?"
Boy -Humph! I read in a paper that

in California grapes were selling for a cent a pound. Can't be much fun stealing grapes in that sort of a place Texas Si tings. No Oplum in Piso's Cure for Consumption Cures where other remedies fail. 25c. Sign in a New York resort: "No excuse if found with another man's bat."

How To Save Money.

Wherever you live, you should write Hallett & Co., Portland. Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallett & Co., will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to working men.

The Acknowledged Cure for Sick

one pill.

THE THROAT. — "Brown's Bronchial Trocks" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in the disorders of the throat. Price

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, disordered stomach, &c. Try them.

"Pa, why is a girl called a belle?"

asked Clara. "Oh, I guess it's because of her tongue," unfeelingly replied the old tongue," unfeelingly replied the old man.—New York Sun.

Pleasant to the taste, surprisingly quick in effect and economical in price—no won-der that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the leading preparation of its kind in the mar-

Old gentleman (to messenger boy, who is running at the top of his speed)

—"Great heavens, lad, what is the
trouble?" Messenger boy (breathlessly)—"Don't stop me, sir, don't stop
me. I'm goin' to me dinner."—N. Y. "Why don't you try the hot-water

cure?" asked Tompkins of a friend who was complaining of indigestion. "Drink a cup of hot water every morning" "I was the reply "I drink our boarding house tea every morning The Sioux tribe of Indians have a sub-

chief who is named: 'The-man-who-ran-so-fast-that-the-wind-was-left-be-hind.' It is needless to say that his It is needless to say that his squaw was after him with a club. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

who never to himself has said. I'll cure my weary, aching head, with Salvation Oil!" "Yes a few fellows, but they are of light weight.

Randall's scheme for reducing the revenue ought to be popular, there are so many men who would be glad to have free sugar and whisky.-Boston

UNEXPECTED.

MOTHER SAVED FROM AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Tears of Sorrow Turned to Smiles of Re joicing.

poicing.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 31, 1886.

PARDEE MEDICINE Co.—GENTLEMEN: I am now seventy three years old, and until I was seventy I was always strong and healthy; but the amount of suffering I have endured since that time, I feel to be sufficient for a life-time. I had a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism, which completely prostrated me; my limbs and feet, and in fact my whole body was so drawn out of shape that it was impossible to move without assistance. I was unable to straighten my limbs or to step on my feet for more than a year and my life was dispaired of. Children and friends were called in to see me die. I was treated by three good physicians, and they and my friends did all they could to relieve my suffering—but with no avail. My hips were blistered, and my limbs rubbed, bathed and bandaged, but nothing they could do afforded me even temporary relief. Tongue cannot describe my suffering. I arged them to let me try Dr. Pardee's Remedy, as I had read so much about it, and of those who had been cured by its use, that it gave me confidence in it, although I confess I had little or no faith in so-called patent medicines. The remedy was procured and I commenced using it as directured. patent medicines. The remedy was proured, and I commenced using it as directed, and after taking it a short time could ed, and after taking it a short time could see that it was helping me. I began to perspire freely, and as the perspiration increased the pain decreased, but my clothing and bedding was a sight to behold, being nearly "as yellow as saffron." I had taken the remedy but a short time, when I could sleep like a child, and relish my food like one. Thank God it has cured me, and I am to-day as healthy and strong as before, and can walk and have as free use of my limbs as ever. I have recommended your Remedy to very many who were afflicted, and I do not know of a case it has not cured. I am confident that it will cure not cured. I am confident that it will cure young people, if it will cure at my age You are at liberty to use my name, if it will be the means of inducing any poor

will be the means of inducing any poor sufferer to use your excellent Remedy. I am very gratefully yours,

MRS. JANE A. FLACK,

200 Jefferson Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
The sale of Dr. Pardee's Remedy for the past three months in Western New York has exceeded that of any remedy known.

By cures wholly unprecedented in the history of medicines it has proven its right to the title o. "The Greatest Bleach Purifier" to the title o "The Greatest Blood Purifier" ever offered o the afflicted. We challenge any medicine to show an appreciation a home, or wherever used, like that which has been poured upon Dr. Pardee' Remedy.

Remedy.

The permanent cures it has affected have made for it a reputation that no other remedy has been able to attain. Send for pamphlet.

PARDEE MEDICINE CO.

Bookseter N. V. Now doth the old folks hug the fire.

Their shivering to smother, While safe within the parlor snug, The young folks hug each other. He Thanks His Paper.

Mr. Editor: I was induced by reading your good paper to try Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for debility, liver disorder and scrofula, and three bottles have cured me. Accept my thanks. Jos. C. Boggs. - Ex.

Suffering Womanhood. Too much effort cannot be made to bring to the attention of suffering womanhood the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the diseases of women. Such an one is the wife of General Barrington of Winston, N. C., and we quote from the General's letter as follows: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Please allow me to add my testimony to the most excellent medicinal qualities of your Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Barrington was treated for several years for what the physician called Leucorrhea and Prolap-sus Uteri combined. I sent her to Rich-mond. Va., where she remained for six months under the treatment of an emimonths under the treatment of an eminent physician without any permanent benefit. She was induced to try your medicine and after a reasonable time commenced to improve and is now able to attend to her business and considers herself fully relievel." [General Barrington is the proprietor of the American Hotel, Winston, N. C., and is widely known.]



Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

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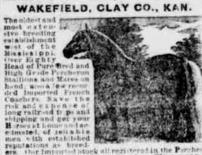
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